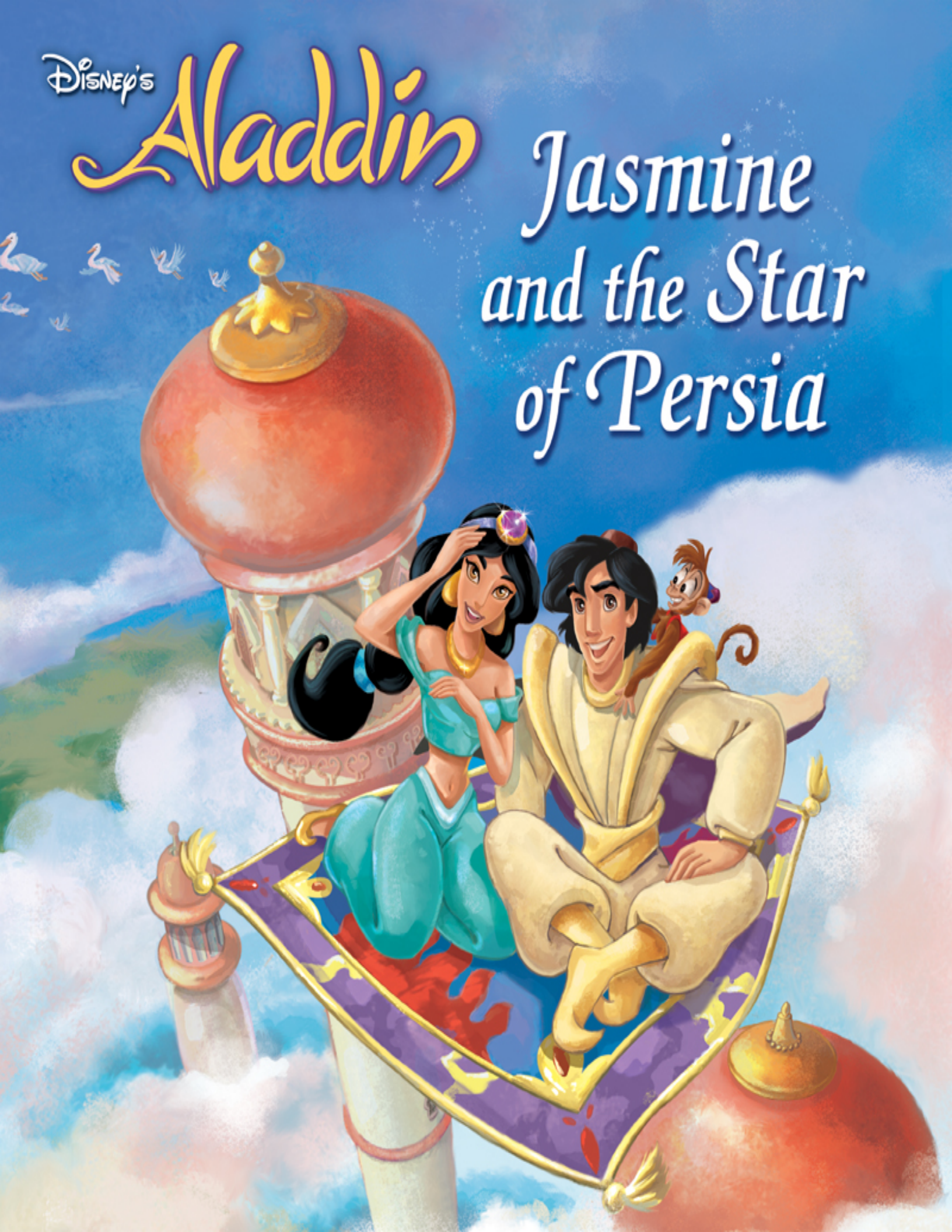
Disney's
Aladdin
Jasmine
and the Star
of Persia

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Jasmine and the Star of Persia

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Every night, Princess Jasmine and her husband, Aladdin, would sit on the Magic Carpet and gaze up at the twinkling sky above them. Then Aladdin would tell a story.

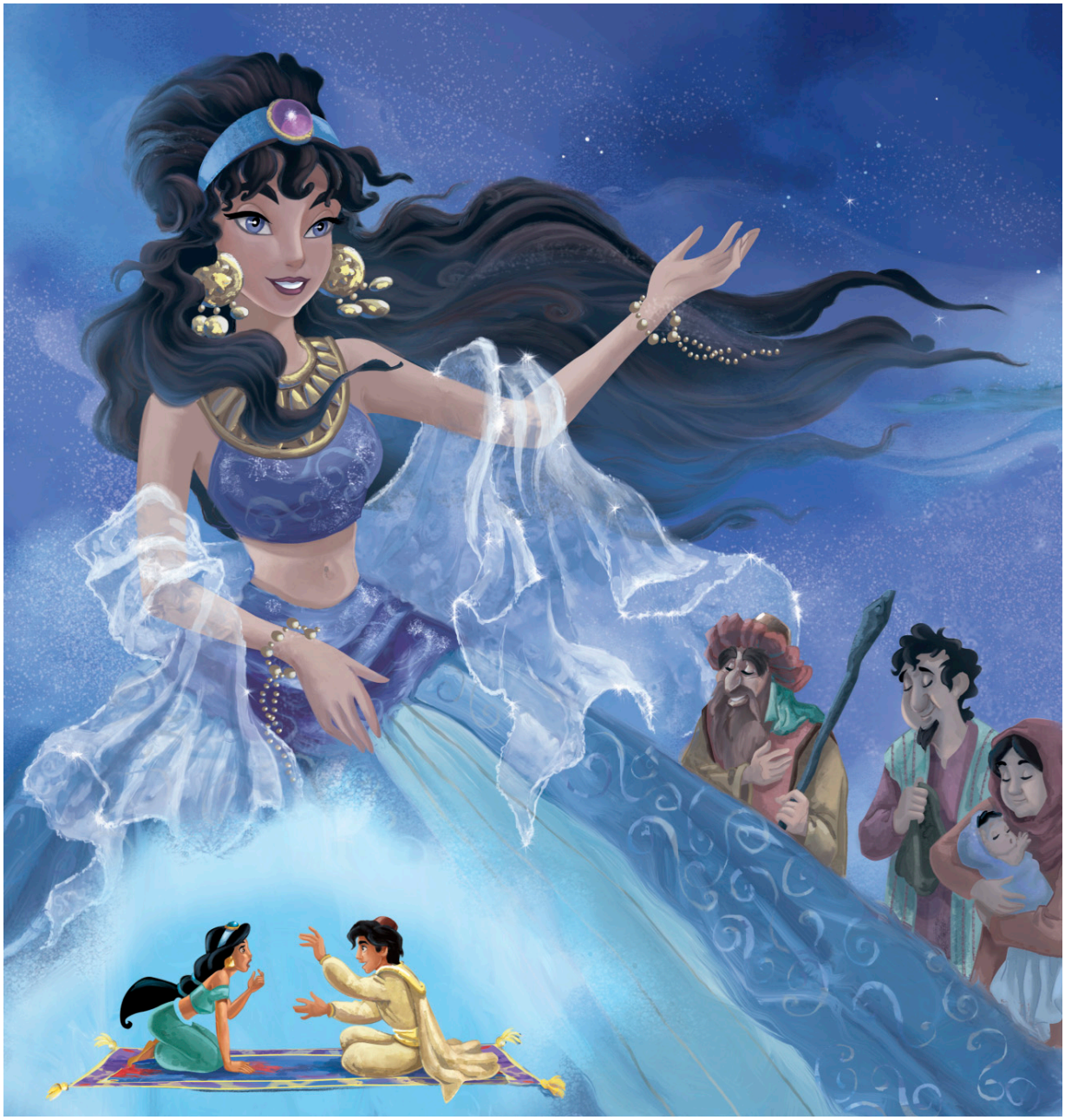
"What about that star?" Jasmine asked one evening. "The violet one."

"Ah, that," said Aladdin, "is the Star of Persia . . . named after the legendary jewel—the biggest, most beautiful amethyst in the world."

"Jewel?" said Jasmine, her eyes wide with curiosity.

"According to the legend," Aladdin began, "the Star of Persia belonged to a beautiful queen who was wise and fair and kind. But, alas," Aladdin said with a sigh, "not even great queens can live forever. When this queen died, her subjects hid the jewel in a tower, sure that there would never be one worthy of its beauty again."

Jasmine's eyes twinkled. "Tell me, is that story true?"



Aladdin shrugged. “I don’t know. But there is one way to find out . . . if you really want to.”

Jasmine smiled. “Of course I do!”

Early the next morning, Jasmine, Aladdin, and their monkey, Abu, set off on the Magic Carpet.

They flew east and before long, they were soaring over a tiny kingdom.

“Look!” Jasmine called, pointing to a tower. “I wonder if that’s where the queen’s jewel is hidden.”

When Jasmine and Aladdin touched down, they discovered that the tower was taller than they'd thought. Iron bars were on the windows and a thick chain was fastened around the door. It was clear that without a key (or at least a clever genie) there was little chance of getting in.

All of a sudden, the grumpy-looking guard standing next to the door spoke up. "What do you want?" he demanded.

Jasmine and Aladdin looked at each other. Then Jasmine walked up to the guard and smiled. "We've heard about the Star of Persia," she explained, "and we've come to see the jewel."

“I’m afraid that’s impossible,” the guard said. “If you’ve heard the legend, you should know that no one can see the jewel except a queen as lovely and worthy as our own.”

“Ah,” said Aladdin. “Well, please allow me to introduce you to the lovely Princess Jasmine. She’s not a queen yet, but she will be one day.”

Abu gestured proudly at Jasmine, who blushed.

“Yes, yes,” the guard said impatiently. “But our queen was very wise.”

“I’m wise, too!” Jasmine declared.

“Oh, yes?” said the guard. He thought for a moment. “Then tell me—what is the square root of one hundred?”

Jasmine smiled. Using a stick, she wrote out the math problem in the sand. “That’s easy. It’s ten, of course!”

“That’s correct,” said the guard. Then his eyes narrowed once again. “But the answer is still no. After all, our queen was not only wise, she was fair, as well.”

“I’m fair,” Jasmine assured him.

“Fair enough to solve that argument over there?” the guard asked pointing to two men who were quarreling.

“Yes, I think so.” Jasmine nodded and went over to the men. After a few minutes, she’d helped them make a deal. When Jasmine walked away, the two men were smiling at each other.

“You did well,” admitted the guard. “But the answer is still no. For our queen was not only wise and fair . . .” He paused for a moment to sniff and wipe away a tear. “She was also very kind.”

“Ah,” said Jasmine, placing her hand on his shoulder. “You still miss her, don’t you?”

Then she turned to Aladdin. “Let’s not bother him anymore,” she said. “I’ll go get him a drink from that fountain over there. He must get thirsty standing in the sun all day. Once I do that, we can be on our way.”

Jasmine hurried to the fountain, which she was surprised to find quite dry. To her relief, however, as soon as she held a jar under it, a stream of cool, clear water came bubbling out.

Then, her jar full, she turned to take it to the guard—only to find him and everyone else in the plaza gathered around her, staring.

"What?" she asked. "Did I do something wrong?"

“The fountain!” blurted the guard. “It hasn’t given water since our dear queen was alive! Did you know that only she could make it work?”

“Why, no!” said Jasmine with surprise.

“Many a queen,” the guard went on, “has been wise and fair and even kind. But no one else has ever been able to get water from this well.” As the people bowed, the guard drew a key from his pocket.

The guard unlocked the chains barring the tower door. He led Jasmine up a staircase to a room high at the top. There, on a pedestal, bright enough to light the sky, sat the gleaming Star of Persia.

"Oh!" Jasmine exclaimed. "It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen!"

“It is beautiful, isn’t it?” said the guard. “And I know how happy our queen would be to know it won’t be hidden any longer.”

“What do you mean?” asked Jasmine.

“I mean,” said the guard, “that you have proved yourself worthy, Princess Jasmine, to call it your own.” And with that, he picked up the jewel and offered it to her.

She put it on at once.

“How can I ever thank you?” she asked.

“By enjoying it,” said the guard, “just as our queen did. And promise to come visit us whenever you can.”

“Oh, I will! I will!” exclaimed Jasmine. “I’ll be sure to wear the Star of Persia.” She waved to the guard and the townspeople from the Magic

Carpet.

What a wonderful day they'd had, and now Jasmine had an incredible story of her own to tell.